









# THE LADY OF CRISWOLD.

By LEONARD OUTRAM.

## CHAPTER XV.

A PAUSE IN THE BOOK OF FATE.

"My lord! my lord! Is the countess here?"

"Yes, my lord. Pray speak to her."

"Is your lady here?"

"Yes, my lord. She is in the study."

"Thank you, my lord. I will go to her."

"Very good, my lord. I will go to her."

"Thank you, my lord. I will go to her."

"Very good, my lord. I will go to her."

"Thank you, my lord. I will go to her."

"Very good, my lord. I will go to her."

"Thank you, my lord. I will go to her."

"Very good, my lord. I will go to her."

"Thank you, my lord. I will go to her."

"Very good, my lord. I will go to her."

"Thank you, my lord. I will go to her."

"Very good, my lord. I will go to her."

"Thank you, my lord. I will go to her."

"Very good, my lord. I will go to her."

"Thank you, my lord. I will go to her."

"Very good, my lord. I will go to her."

"Thank you, my lord. I will go to her."

"Very good, my lord. I will go to her."

"Thank you, my lord. I will go to her."

"Very good, my lord. I will go to her."

"Thank you, my lord. I will go to her."

"Very good, my lord. I will go to her."

"Thank you, my lord. I will go to her."

"Very good, my lord. I will go to her."

"Thank you, my lord. I will go to her."

"Very good, my lord. I will go to her."

"Thank you, my lord. I will go to her."

"Very good, my lord. I will go to her."

"Thank you, my lord. I will go to her."

"Very good, my lord. I will go to her."

"Thank you, my lord. I will go to her."

"Very good, my lord. I will go to her."

"Thank you, my lord. I will go to her."

"Very good, my lord. I will go to her."

"Thank you, my lord. I will go to her."

"Very good, my lord. I will go to her."

"Thank you, my lord. I will go to her."

"Very good, my lord. I will go to her."

"Thank you, my lord. I will go to her."

"Very good, my lord. I will go to her."

"Thank you, my lord. I will go to her."

"Very good, my lord. I will go to her."

"Thank you, my lord. I will go to her."

"Very good, my lord. I will go to her."

"Thank you, my lord. I will go to her."

an indomitable pursuit of a soul far, far upon its road to heaven!

She will live!

They tell him that he has saved her.

They would have abandoned hope, she was dead; no human power could make those pulses beat again.

But his faith was a mountain; God had given her back; God would preserve her life. It was true. She would live, but to what end?

CHAPTER XVI.

"If she may recover in so body, so mind may also follow well. Ze shall benefit her always. It vat you chook 'rouse her up.' To be restored from such perfect death—to begin once more a life again—to 'turn over, you say, so new live.' Ah, I hope much for you—if she arise from his bed again."

Dr. Thophile Ecard, in attendance on the scarcely-living countess, had made this report to the earl. A few days later Beatrice, convalescent, reclined in a hammock, chair upon the beach of the Meline, watching with quiet, happy eyes the panorama of coast scenery as the yacht glided through the fjords of Haradanger, Trondhjem, and Smedal.

It was in the golden afternoon, and the tide rolled softly into the shore without breaking the surface of the placid sea.

It was very sweet and restful to gaze upon the changing ruggedness of those rocks, upon the rich colours of the spreading pastures, the sombre green of the pine woods, the piled up mountains beyond.

Harold hung over her whispering many a tender word, drinking in with his lover's rapture her grateful responses.

There could be no doubt that all was well with her. Her youthful vigour was rapidly casting off the effects of that plunge into the deadly water, and not a trace could be detected of her former mental distraction.

Her eyes, constantly raised to his in unspoken love, showed a perfect consciousness of all the beauty and tenderness that surrounded her, and there was no cloud in the blue heaven of that glance to tell of lurking peril.

"Will you take me on shore to-morrow, dearest?" she petitioned. "I long to be in the very heart of that glorious country. Let us ride together along the summit of those cliffs and through the forest yonder. Could we not wander up, that long winding valley where the village nestles, and lose ourselves in the apple-green, grey, and the purple?"

He doubted that she would have the strength to sit a horse, but he would not by suggesting this turn her thoughts to her invalid condition. That she had been ill she knew, and she had been ill no questions on that subject. He promised her readily the gratification of every caprice.

The doctor came and sat with them, and the captain, too; the latter pointing out each object of interest they could discern, naming each headland, each village, and comparing the scenery unfolded to them with similar landscapes in other parts of the world; the former recounting very rapidly and graphically many humorous experiences of his life, professional and social.

Madame Ecard, at the piano in the saloon below, maintained pleasant ripple of music, accompanying the instrument at intervals with her well-trained and melodious voice in ballads of various nationalities very cleverly alternated in sentiment and gaiety.

And so they floated into the waning of the day, and when the red dusk gleamed below, the line the pilot found anchorage in a sheltered cove, where the Meline rested like a swan upon the gleaming water, while twilight deepened into night and the stars sparkled one by one in the clear firmament.

After dinner in the saloon—a cosy, comfortable, unconventional, jolly little dinner, elegantly served, and enjoyed in all the luxury of calm weather at sea—they went on deck again, and found the yacht delightfully caparisoned with coloured lamps—masts, lines, and funnel, wheel-house, and boat, and rigging, and forecastle, a veritable fairy ship, she seemed; and a great electric starlight illuminated the image of the woman-serpent, Meline.

A boat took them out upon the still water, and while they contemplated from a distance this beautiful effect, a volley of rockets shot up from the vessel, and, breaking in the darkness above, sent showers of bright-hued stars and balls of fire scattering over the sea. Another and another rushing flight into space, and more crackling fusillades in the darkness, that seemed to grow blacker in jealousy of its rival.

Then broke forth a vivid, pouring brilliancy, first turning all things green as a tropical forest at noonday, then encircling the water and the vessel and the sky, and brightening even the pale cheeks of Beatrice as she gazed upon it. More coloured fires, and rockets, and more than that, a music under the direction of the Ecardes meanwhile floating to their ears upon the serene air.

Lord Criswold sat with his hand clasped in the soft fingers of his bride, and listened to her gladness and her low murmurs of love and gratitude with a full heart. He had saved her; God had preserved her to him; the world was spread out before their blended lives; they would be happy.

The lights were all out, all but the warning lanterns at the mast and at the bows, and the shaded lamps in the cabin. The music had all faded away, save that dream harmony which lulls a contented heart.

Harold, for the first of many nights of watching, had fallen into a delicious sleep, the head of Beatrice sweetly pillowed upon his breast, her silver hair with a full heart. He had saved her; God had preserved her to him; the world was spread out before their blended lives; they would be happy.

The lights were all out, all but the warning lanterns at the mast and at the bows, and the shaded lamps in the cabin. The music had all faded away, save that dream harmony which lulls a contented heart.

Harold, for the first of many nights of watching, had fallen into a delicious sleep, the head of Beatrice sweetly pillowed upon his breast, her silver hair with a full heart. He had saved her; God had preserved her to him; the world was spread out before their blended lives; they would be happy.

The lights were all out, all but the warning lanterns at the mast and at the bows, and the shaded lamps in the cabin. The music had all faded away, save that dream harmony which lulls a contented heart.

Harold, for the first of many nights of watching, had fallen into a delicious sleep, the head of Beatrice sweetly pillowed upon his breast, her silver hair with a full heart. He had saved her; God had preserved her to him; the world was spread out before their blended lives; they would be happy.

The lights were all out, all but the warning lanterns at the mast and at the bows, and the shaded lamps in the cabin. The music had all faded away, save that dream harmony which lulls a contented heart.

Harold, for the first of many nights of watching, had fallen into a delicious sleep, the head of Beatrice sweetly pillowed upon his breast, her silver hair with a full heart. He had saved her; God had preserved her to him; the world was spread out before their blended lives; they would be happy.

The lights were all out, all but the warning lanterns at the mast and at the bows, and the shaded lamps in the cabin. The music had all faded away, save that dream harmony which lulls a contented heart.

Harold, for the first of many nights of watching, had fallen into a delicious sleep, the head of Beatrice sweetly pillowed upon his breast, her silver hair with a full heart. He had saved her; God had preserved her to him; the world was spread out before their blended lives; they would be happy.

The lights were all out, all but the warning lanterns at the mast and at the bows, and the shaded lamps in the cabin. The music had all faded away, save that dream harmony which lulls a contented heart.

Harold, for the first of many nights of watching, had fallen into a delicious sleep, the head of Beatrice sweetly pillowed upon his breast, her silver hair with a full heart. He had saved her; God had preserved her to him; the world was spread out before their blended lives; they would be happy.

The lights were all out, all but the warning lanterns at the mast and at the bows, and the shaded lamps in the cabin. The music had all faded away, save that dream harmony which lulls a contented heart.

Harold, for the first of many nights of watching, had fallen into a delicious sleep, the head of Beatrice sweetly pillowed upon his breast, her silver hair with a full heart. He had saved her; God had preserved her to him; the world was spread out before their blended lives; they would be happy.

The lights were all out, all but the warning lanterns at the mast and at the bows, and the shaded lamps in the cabin. The music had all faded away, save that dream harmony which lulls a contented heart.

Harold, for the first of many nights of watching, had fallen into a delicious sleep, the head of Beatrice sweetly pillowed upon his breast, her silver hair with a full heart. He had saved her; God had preserved her to him; the world was spread out before their blended lives; they would be happy.

The lights were all out, all but the warning lanterns at the mast and at the bows, and the shaded lamps in the cabin. The music had all faded away, save that dream harmony which lulls a contented heart.

Harold, for the first of many nights of watching, had fallen into a delicious sleep, the head of Beatrice sweetly pillowed upon his breast, her silver hair with a full heart. He had saved her; God had preserved her to him; the world was spread out before their blended lives; they would be happy.

The lights were all out, all but the warning lanterns at the mast and at the bows, and the shaded lamps in the cabin. The music had all faded away, save that dream harmony which lulls a contented heart.

Harold, for the first of many nights of watching, had fallen into a delicious sleep, the head of Beatrice sweetly pillowed upon his breast, her silver hair with a full heart. He had saved her; God had preserved her to him; the world was spread out before their blended lives; they would be happy.

The lights were all out, all but the warning lanterns at the mast and at the bows, and the shaded lamps in the cabin. The music had all faded away, save that dream harmony which lulls a contented heart.

Harold, for the first of many nights of watching, had fallen into a delicious sleep, the head of Beatrice sweetly pillowed upon his breast, her silver hair with a full heart. He had saved her; God had preserved her to him; the world was spread out before their blended lives; they would be happy.

The lights were all out, all but the warning lanterns at the mast and at the bows, and the shaded lamps in the cabin. The music had all faded away, save that dream harmony which lulls a contented heart.

Harold, for the first of many nights of watching, had fallen into a delicious sleep, the head of Beatrice sweetly pillowed upon his breast, her silver hair with a full heart. He had saved her; God had preserved her to him; the world was spread out before their blended lives; they would be happy.

The lights were all out, all but the warning lanterns at the mast and at the bows, and the shaded lamps in the cabin. The music had all faded away, save that dream harmony which lulls a contented heart.

Harold, for the first of many nights of watching, had fallen into a delicious sleep, the head of Beatrice sweetly pillowed upon his breast, her silver hair with a full heart. He had saved her; God had preserved her to him; the world was spread out before their blended lives; they would be happy.

The lights were all out, all but the warning lanterns at the mast and at the bows, and the shaded lamps in the cabin. The music had all faded away, save that dream harmony which lulls a contented heart.

Harold, for the first of many nights of watching, had fallen into a delicious sleep, the head of Beatrice sweetly pillowed upon his breast, her silver hair with a full heart. He had saved her; God had preserved her to him; the world was spread out before their blended lives; they would be happy.

The lights were all out, all but the warning lanterns at the mast and at the bows, and the shaded lamps in the cabin. The music had all faded away, save that dream harmony which lulls a contented heart.

Harold, for the first of many nights of watching, had fallen into a delicious sleep, the head of Beatrice sweetly pillowed upon his breast, her silver hair with a full heart. He had saved her; God had preserved her to him; the world was spread out before their blended lives; they would be happy.

The lights were all out, all but the warning lanterns at the mast and at the bows, and the shaded lamps in the cabin. The music had all faded away, save that dream harmony which lulls a contented heart.

her sweet body, and his eyes opened starting as alarm for her safety struck into him.

But he was standing by the dressing-table at the further end of the cabin, and his drowsy lids half-closed themselves again.

But sleep did not return; that moment's terror had frightened sleep away.

Through the veil of his eyelashes he saw his wife advancing to the bed.

She bent over him. Her little velvet hand came like a snowflake down upon his mouth. He kissed the palm of it as it lay upon his lips, and his eyes opened inquiringly.

He saw her raise her right arm swiftly.

He saw the flash of some bright object in her uplifted hand.

She struck at him—struck down at his throat—with the sudden directness of the lightning.

Surely it was the hand of a protecting angel that swept him from the path of the steel. He shrank aside; a sharp pain sprang in his shoulder, and in an instant the white linen of the bed was stained with weeping blood. A second awful blow, slashing his hand and arm.

A third, arrested ere it fell by his resolute grip of her wrist, and, struggling from the bed, he wound his left arm about her, and flung her down where he had lain at her mercy.

But a frenzy was upon her; her strength in that paroxysm was greater than his, and his heart was almost paralysed with horror.

She was instantly upon her feet, her blood, his blood upon her face and her swelling bosom. She clung to him like a fury, strangling him with one little hand knotted in his throat; the other holding high a gleaming blood-stained razor, which all the mad force of her bare white arm was straining at to strike him to death.

God! It was horrible, in the dim light and the stillness, this writhing embodiment of supernatural hate. Could it be the same luscious form that had filled him an hour before with such bewildering delight? Those flaming, voracious eyes had had their over-poured love upon him?

Was this appalling face that of Beatrice or Megara?

Instants were hours. He felt his strength giving way. He turned faint and sick; if he succumbed she would kill him—kill him!

Beatrice! He cried to her, remembering the power he had possessed to subdue her mind. "Beatrice! Be calm; it is Harold—Harold!"

She caught his left hand in her teeth and fastened in it like a dog.

Not heeding the agony, still keeping the weapon at bay with his right hand, he grasped her wrist, he drew her face, with the teeth still buried in his flesh, to a level with his own.

His voice had no spell for her—might not his eyes control her as before?

No, no! Ah, God, no! They were the eyes of a rabid animal, not of a woman, that met his own in the darkness.

His voice held on his hand only to bite wildly at his face.

With a last effort he hurled her away, and plunged to the door.

She fell noiselessly upon the thick velvet carpet and the razor flew from her grasp.

He gave him time to pass through the door and close it behind him, but as he went he saw her rise and spring after him, seeming the very spirit of murder, half-nude, streaked and smeared with blood, her hair in black, tangled masses, and with staring eyes that shot forth fire like a demon's.

"Help! help! For God's sake, help!" rang out his shriek on the calm night air.

There was no fastening to the exterior of the state-room door, and the maniac was wrenching it from his falling grasp.

Would nobody come? "Help! help!"

He could not hold the handle longer. It slipped from his nerveless fingers.

He staggered and fell senseless to the ground.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN THE DAY OF SUCCESS.

It was Mrs. Adderley's at-home day in Rosary Gardens. Her room was full of callers, and the still the carriages dash up to the incessantly opening door.

To all the persons of high degree with whom Mrs. Adderley has a speaking acquaintance, or, indeed, with whom she can claim an acquaintance of any sort, a neat little card, in the corner of which the "R.S.V.P." in the corner had evoked almost universal acceptance of the invitation. The mother-in-law of the Earl of Criswold and Sheen is a person to be visited, and many to whom she has been introduced, and who have wondered how in the world that woman got into her position, have sent a protective haughtiness, have sent a gracious message, and have come disposed to be very affable. As post after post brought shoals of promises to attend the reception, Mrs. Adderley became quite alarmed.

Where could she put them all? The drawing-rooms were not large, and even by utilising the dining-room and a little parlour she could not see her way to accommodate all. Paterfamilias must be turned out of his library, and "will he, nil he," that was done. The great secretaries were hurried to the writing-table decked with flowers, and a number of hired chairs were introduced to give it the character of a reception-room. The bed-chambers were packed with all the superfluous furniture from below; and the house turned "topsy-turvy."

But in spite of all these preparations it proved that Mrs. Adderley had asked far too many people. They filled the drawing-rooms, the dining-room, the parlour, and the library, crowded the hall, and jammed the staircase. The servants could not fulfil their duties. Mrs. Adderley's lavender motif was crushed to nothingness and nearly dragged from her back as she strove valiantly to show herself everywhere. The windows were all thrown open, but the heat was suffocating, and the horizon—two French deputies or a Home Rule talker—converged.

Mrs. Adderley, giving only a passing word to her ordinary friends, sought out with diligence all the new stars that had come into her horizon—two bishops, a cardinal, the hon. two Duke, a Cabinet Minister, three eminent actresses, the Lord Chancellor, the poet who ought to have been Laureate, an admiral, two generals, a dowager countess, the great contralto, one or two singers of less eminence,

the ex-Lord Mayor, the American tailor king, several foreign ambassadors, and a wealthy banker-baroness.

Mrs. Adderley was in her glory. No matter about the discomfort of overcrowding, that in itself would be a grand social advertisement like the line of carriages in the front of the house and the buzz that poured from the open windows. This was a triumph indeed. This was the first result of her adroitness in marrying her daughter to the Earl of Criswold. A new world was opening before her, and both she and her son would do well in it.

Edmund in the newest of coats and most faultless of trousers, orchid in button-hole, and exquisitely barbered, was making himself prominent everywhere and fascinating everybody.

For his father, who was forbidden to enter the drawing-rooms, he hid himself in the museum, blatted about him like an owl, got in the way of his guests, tripped over the trains of the ladies, and when drawn into conversation answered quite at random, not being able to hear distinctly what was said, as the prevailing hubbub and quite unacquainted with the social platitude and gossip. He carried about with him a quiet, indulgent smile, and murmured not when his toes were trodden on even the thirteenth time. He was not taken much notice of, even by those who knew him for the father-in-law of the earl; but those whom the crush held in his vicinity were constrained to offer him congratulations and make inquiries after the bride.

To all he replied in the same terms. "Thank you. I hope—she will be happy. I hope—she will be happy. I hope—she will be happy."

"Thank you. I hope—she will be happy. I hope—she will be happy. I hope—she will be happy."

"Thank you. I hope—she will be happy. I hope—she will be happy. I hope—she will be happy."

"Thank you. I hope—she will be happy. I hope—she will be happy. I hope—she will be happy."

"Thank you. I hope—she will be happy. I hope—she will be happy. I hope—she will be happy."

"Thank you. I hope—she will be happy. I hope—she will be happy. I hope—she will be happy."

"Thank you. I hope—she will be happy. I hope—she will be happy. I hope—she will be happy."

"Thank you. I hope—she will be happy. I hope—she will be happy. I hope—she will be happy."

"Thank you. I hope—she will be happy. I hope—she will be happy. I hope—she will be happy."

"Thank you. I hope—she will be happy. I hope—she will be happy. I hope—she will be happy."

"Thank you. I hope—she will be happy. I hope—she will be happy. I hope—she will be happy."

"Thank you. I hope—she will be happy. I hope—she will be happy. I hope—she will be happy."

"Thank you. I hope—she will be happy. I hope—she will be happy. I hope—she will be happy."

THE GARDEN.

(WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE PEOPLE.")

KEEPING BEDDING PLANTS IN WINTER.

There is much good workmanship in the "For the Sake of the Family" (Eden Remington and Co.), by May Crommelin, the style being clear and the writing marked by care. Nor is the story deficient in interest of a quiet sort; the chief defect is a lack of originality, all the characters being more or less commonplace. Perhaps, however, for that very reason they may be all the more realistic; one certainly meets a good many commonplace people and hears a good deal of commonplace talk, in these latter days.

"Women Writers" (Ward, Lock, Bowden, and Co.), by Catherine J. Hamilton, gives the salient incidents in the careers of a number of ladies who distinguish themselves, more or less, in literature. As most of these eminent dames and dandies had their biographies published long ago, the present work partakes of the nature of a compilation. None the less it will be welcome to those who have not leisure for exhaustive reading, or who desire a reliable novel is "The Melbournians" (Eden Remington and Co.), by Francis Adams. There is real force in it, both by reason of the strong situations and the clearly defined individualities of the leading characters. It is of such genuine interest, that the author's present workmanship. Another creditable fiction issued by the same publishers is "Approaches," a three volume work by Arthur Lynch. The plot is a good one, and the characters are well drawn, and some of the characters seem to come into the world without back-logs, but, for all that, the author contrives to impart a fair measure of interest to the story. As we never attempted to build a conveyance out of a horse, or a horse out of a cart, so the author contrives to make a story out of a story.

There is much good workmanship in the "For the Sake of the Family" (Eden Remington and Co.), by May Crommelin, the style being clear and the writing marked by care. Nor is the story deficient in interest of a quiet sort; the chief defect is a lack of originality, all the characters being more or less commonplace. Perhaps, however, for that very reason they may be all the more realistic; one certainly meets a good many commonplace people and hears a good deal of commonplace talk, in these latter days.

"Women Writers" (Ward, Lock, Bowden, and Co.), by Catherine J. Hamilton, gives the salient incidents in the careers of a number of ladies who distinguish themselves, more or less, in literature. As most of these eminent dames and dandies had their biographies published long ago, the present work partakes of the nature of a compilation. None the less it will be welcome to those who have not leisure for exhaustive reading, or who desire a reliable novel is "The Melbournians" (Eden Remington and Co.), by Francis Adams. There is real force in it, both by reason of the strong situations and the clearly defined individualities of the leading characters. It is of such genuine interest, that the author's present workmanship. Another creditable fiction issued by the same publishers is "Approaches," a three volume work by Arthur Lynch. The plot is a good one, and the characters are well drawn, and some of the characters seem to come into the world without back-logs, but, for all that, the author contrives to impart a fair measure of interest to the story. As we never attempted to build a conveyance out of a horse, or a horse out of a cart, so the author contrives to make a story out of a story.

There is much good workmanship in the "For the Sake of the Family" (Eden Remington and Co.), by May Crommelin, the style being clear and the writing marked by care. Nor is the story deficient in interest of a quiet sort; the chief defect is a lack of originality, all the characters being more or less commonplace. Perhaps, however, for that very reason they may be all the more realistic; one certainly meets a good many







































100





